

At the Edge of the World You Will Still Float

Telefon Tel Aviv

How does it measure up?
Was I good enough?
I'll never know...

And if it's meant to be,
What will it mean to me?
I never want to know...

Always headstrong calling me home
There was a place I belonged.

And as I fill my cup
I wonder how I had enough
And I'm not sure...

What will be, will be
Not without some mystery
That I'm sure...

Always headstrong calling me home
There was a place I belonged